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SHE ONLY SAID GOOD-BY.

Good-by, if it please you, sir—good by.
This is a world where the wild swans fly,
This is a world where the thorn hangs on
When the rose its time is gone, is gone.
Good-by—good-by—good-by.

Good-by, if it please you, sir—good-by,
You are here and away—I care not why.
This is a world where a man has his will,
A world where a woman had best be still,
Good-by—good-bye—good-by.

Good-by, if it please you, sir—good-by.
This is a world where—we see the sky;
After a while the stars will fall;
And the end will—make an end of it all!
Good-by—Good-by—good-by.

Not So Bad As He Thought.

"Here I am—Elinor Royston; my education finished and myself ready to commence life, with a fortune of $300 a year and a large and varied assortment of old valentines, a canary which cannot sing, and a pug dog with a bad temper, O! and a heap of hideous dresses and an adorable new ulster."

So exclaimed a young lady as she stood in momentary stillness upon the hearth-rug, after a breathless burst into the drawing-room of Oaktree Hall. The master of the mansion, Graham Daglish, had been reading in the peaceful enjoyment of a splendid fire and a luxurious arm-chair, which, upon the girl's entrance, he had quitted, and came forward a few steps to greet her.

"Well," said Miss Royston, and after a moment's pause' in a tone of wonder, and gazing frankly into the eyes of her companion, "are you not going to ask me how I am?"

"How do you do?" Daglish nodded coolly.

"I thought you were too much engaged in taking that inventory of your property, for such a ceremony as shaking hands."

"How do you like my ulster? Don't you like it? It's all pockets," she said thrusting her hand into one receptacle, then into another.

"What a silly baby you are," Daglish cried, trying very hard to frown, and not to smile, at the lovely glowing face now raised to his.

"Do you want everybody to be the Methuselah that you are?" Elinor pouted.

A shadow crossed his countenance at the random words. Elinor Royston was 19; Graham Daglish 39; and as the dew and sunshine are necessary to the life of flowers, so seemed this wayward, winning girl to Grahrm Daglish to be necessary to existance. When, twelve years ago, she was left an orphan on their care, both Daglish and his mother regarded the trust as a serious and unwelcome responsibility, but time had changed both their views. The old lady had called Elinor her sunshine, and Graham had grown to love the sweet, various mooded girl with all strength of his resolute nature.

Elinor's late absence at school was a source of deep regret, and now upon her return home for good high festival would be held in the hearts and in the mansion of Oaktree.

"Are you not glad that I have finished with that detestable school?" she continued, after a short pause.

"It depends upon how much you know. What can you tell me conscientiously you have learned, Nell?"

She took her stand immediately before him, and checked off her accomplishments on the pretty fingers of the left hand as she spoke.

"Music," she answered.

"Voice and piano gymnastic, I should rather say."

"German, the whole of the French language, drawing, painting and geography."

"Could you stand a good examination on the capital cities of Europe?" he interrupted.

"I should not like it," she frankly allowed. "But what does it matter? Everybody is not an old book-worn like you. Perhaps when I am your age I shall know nothing else.

"I have yet to learn that ignorance is so interesting," said Daglish somewhat crossly under the irritation of her illusions.

"So I am ignorant now and I was silly before. You need not have told me so in the first hour that I am at home—at Oaktree, I mean," she said in proud correction of herself.

Occupied with his own bitter reflections he did not notice the halt and change of expression. But his indifference was differently construed by the girl who gathered up her hat and gloves and swept from the room in anger.

"He gave me no welcome although I gave him so many opportunities," she said to herself, as brushing the tears from her eyes she shut the door.

However melancholic the effect was upon his intellect, Mr. Graham Daglish had soon to witness the terrible process: for the next day the mansion of Oaktree was full of Christmas visitors, and one of these, Mr. Arthur Young, fell straightway in love with the brilliant beauty, Elinor Royston, and his tender sentiments, Mr. Young by no means concealed from an interested world. Miss Royston seemed, too, to be receiving his attentions with favor and complaisance.

Daglish might witness the position of events with despair of apirits, but as her guardian he could make no reasonabe objection to Arthur Young, who was an honest, handsome young fellow and heir to a good property. Beforehand, though, he would not have supposed him the kind of a man to attract bright, original Belle Royston. Her preference, however, was clear enough; in fact, with the encouragement Young received, the only marvel was that he did not urge his suit more boldly.

The new year had come in, and all the Hall guests were gone save Arthur Young and he would appear to have taken up a permanent residence there.

"I wish I had one of those crimson roses there are in the conservatory," said Miss Royston, late one afternoon, as they all sat in the drawing-room.

"They are all well out now; you can have twenty," said Graham Daglish looking off his paper for a minute.

"Let me get them for you, Miss Royston," said Young, with very unnecessary alacrity, Graham Daglish thought.

"Thank you; you are always kind. I will show you the tree,', replied Miss Royston, with still more unnecessary alacrity, ill-used Daglish considered.

The pair strolled away into the conservatory, Daglish wishing, too late that he had offered to get the blossoms. To torment himself farther, he pulled out his watch to observe how long the offenders would be gone.

But at length the guilty ones reappeared, just as twenty minutes were completed; not a bad allowance of time for plucking a couple of roses. Daglish surreptitiously pocketed his watch, affecting not to notice their return; but every gay laugh of Nell's went into his bosom like a poniard thrust,

The next day was one of singular beauty as regards weather, and the saddle-horses were ordered around early, for Arthur and Elinor proposed to take a long ride.

As she stood by her steed, Daglish offered to help Miss Royston to mount.

"You need not trouble," said Elinor coldly, the incident of his neglect with regard to the flower rankling in her mind. "I prefer the groom; you either lift me up short or nearly fling me on the other side."

At the same time Young rushed forward, and seeing only a servant in attendance, cried:

"Let me put you up, Miss Royston."

And she accepted his attendance with the most gracious smile.

Upon their return, which was not until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Daglish noticed that Elinor was very much subdued in spirits.

To this circumstance, though, he did not attach much meaning of importance until an event the following morning gave the depression and ailment a new significance. The event was Arthur Young making the startling announcement in the course of breakfast of a necessity for his leeving by the first train.

"Is it possible, Mr. Young? and so suddenly too!" exclaimed Mrs. Daglish.

"You don't really mean it, old man!" cried Graham Daglish,

The only person who showed no surprise was Miss Elinor Royston.

"Well, Nell, are we to have a wedding!" asked Mrs. Daglish, while they were still sitting in the unsettled state that a hasty departure of from one member leaves any family.

At the same inopportune moment a servant entered with a message from a poor widow, a pensioner at the Hall, begging she would see her with respect to some trouble she was in.

Off bustled the kindly old lady, leaving Graham and Elinor to discuss the delicate topic she had introduced.

"Is that true, Nell?" asked Daglish in a low tone.

"What if it be?" said Miss Royston, flashing defiance upon him from her eyes. "It is nothing to you."

"Nothing?" he cried. "It is much, Elinor," he said, speaking calmly, but with a certain tender gravity. "Your happiness is almost my chief concern. Arthur Young is a good enough fellow, his position suitable, and all that, if you feel that he is calculated to make you hapay, and you love him."

"It is something to be loved—to feel that one is cared for. Love to me is what water is to a man dying with thirst," she cried passionately.

"Elinor! Is that speech the fit reward of your treatment here?"

"Forgive me—forgive me!" she said bursting into tears. "I am ungrateful; but that is just my trouble. I am a species of dependent; the recipient of charity—kindly generous charity—still charity."

"Well," he said, and he took both her hands into his and looked straight at her. "I think you should know how much your presence is valued here. To my mother you are almost necessary, and as for myself," he added, with a curious break in his voice, "gone, you leave me a solitary man for life. But heaven forgive me! I never meant to distress you by saying so much."

"Why should you not? Your—your conduct—"

Then Miss Boyston's tears flowed afresh—choking utterance. Her head she turned aside to hide her tell-tale face.

But not before Daglish had caught something of its tell-tale expression.

"Child, let there be no misunderstanding between us in this supreme moment. If you have given your heart to Arthur Young marry him and happiness go with you."

"You have no right to say such a thing," pouted Elinor. interrupting him.

"Much right and much reason, I think," he answeted, "although he will very likely set it down for jealousy."

Over Miss Royston's features a brilliant smile flitted sufficiently expressive of successful mischief. But her triumph was his also, for he saw and interpreted the smile not altogether incorrectly.

"Nell, could you ever learn to love me?" he asked abruptly.

Miss Royston apparently needed time to gauge her capabilities in that respect, for she gave Graham Daglish no reply for a minute or two; and while she hesitated two strong arms stole around and a voice whispered:

"Are you mine, to be my darling cherished wife?"

Miss Royston seemed still to be afflicted with a difficulty of speech, but she suffered without opposition or even remonstrance, the bondage in which she was detained.

Red Hair.

Throughout creation nature appears to delight in red. It predominates in the pleasure of the imagination, for whatever is beautiful, agreeable, or sublime partakes of red. The rainbow, the rose, and the charming lip and cheek of beauty's self, the sun, the source of heat and light, are all red; as is also the fire, the mighty autocrat of the universe. The most brilliant flowers, the most delicious fruits, the orange, the apple, and the peach, are red. Through the animal kingdom red predominates, as in the king of beasts, the lion. But go further: Adam, the first of mankind, was red. The greatest of Grecians, Jupiter, Apollo and Vulcan, were crimson. Sansom, whose strength was gigantic, derived his power from his red hair, and the destiny of the empire of Athens depended on the red hair of Nisua. Queen Elizabeth had red hair; so had Spencer and Shakespeare. Milton is another instance of the proof of my proposition Also Defoe, the author of that world-renowned story, 'Robinson Crusoe.' Lafayette had red hair; Bonaparte's hair was of this color, Artemus Ward had red hair; so have the Red Indians, or else why so named!" etc.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.

Ancient Coins.

There is quite a full collection of Ancien Coins on view in New York.

It is quite evident that early English coins took something of the Greek designs and later the Roman, though very much changed. On many early coins the fable of the wolf suckling the twins is repeated, but it requires a very ingenious amount of numismatic acquaintance to discover it. This curious diversion in art is shown by Evans in his "Ancient British Coins." Originally the fine coinage of Phillip was used as type in Britain, but gradually worse copies being made from bad imitations, in time all semblance of the stater was lost, until only the crown, throwing locks, and an ear became visible. There is nothing more remarkable than this transition in art from the really sublime to the ludicrous. Those barbarians who invaded Macedonia after Alexander, though having Greek art constantly before their eyes, did exactly the same thing as the early Britons. Of ancient British coins there are two examples, of Anglo-Saxon money some 12. There is a Danish silver penny of Cnut or Canute, both rare and fine; of William the Conqueror there are three examples, the William being rendered, as is usual, Pillem Rex, both P and V having been used for W. There is a rare silver penny of Rufus, which both Ruding and Hawkins have declared to be authentic, for it has always been more or less troublesome to make exact differences between the money of the Conquerer and his illfated son. The Plantagenet money, remarkably good and varied, is represented by some 29 pieces. In the first of the reigns of this dynasty the monnayer struck not only his own name on the piece, but that of the town where the coin was issued; after Edward II., only the town appears. In the Tudors there are 35 pieces. The No. 44, a shilling of Edward VI., 1549, is the earliest piece in the collection which bears a date, but the Edward's of 1547 also had the date. The No. 51 of the same King, 1553, a gold sovereign or double rial, is the first dated English gold coin. There are some good examples of hammered money. The Stuart collection, with Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth, with the Stuart Pretenders, is large and of exceeding interest. The No. 76, a James I. gold rose to rial, though a flat piece, is distinguishable for its art, showing that relief is not always necessary in order to produce effects. There are numerous pieces of Charles I. which are very good, and in excellent preservation. The No. 86, a shilling, is a fine type of Briot's skill. There is an exceedingly rare piece, a silver pound of Charles I., 1642; also one of the same date of a half-pound. As it is often stated that the pound is an imaginary unit, it is worth while calling attention to these two pieces. There are always some good pieces of the time of Oliver Cromwell, the work of a dye-sinker called Simon. It is, perhaps, strange that this name recalls a famous Greek artist, who left his impress on the finest of all Greek coins, the money of Syracuse. There is a strange bit of numismatic history attached to these coins of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Hawkins, the author of "The Silver Coins of England," an excellent book of reference, left out in his work all mention of Cromwell, for he was in 1841, when his book was printed, too good a royalist to allow that the greatest Commoner of the world had ever existed at all. No. 118, a gold two-guinea piece of Charles II., is a rare piece. The guinea was introduced when New-Netherlands was taken from the Dutch. In this department of the collection there is a satirical medal, representing Queen Anne as Dalilah, cutting off the hair of Louis XIV., (or was it his wig?) the King as Samson. On the reverse, the King, who has has gout, is dancing to the Queen's harp. The Hanovarian succession, of course, is very full, and has innumerable, rare, and curious pieces, for it is not always the coins which are near to present times which are the easier to obtain.

Gastronomics in the Tyrol.

Throughout South Germany the English traveler is apt to complain of the prominent place which veal occupies among gastronomic materials, and Tyrol is no exception to the rule. It must be said, however, that much ingenuity is displayed in varying the forms in which it appears. Moreover, it is a fact that other kinds of animal food are obtainable. Beef is tolerable, ham and bacon are much better than an Englishman, who is apt to think that swine's flesh is uneatable on the Continent, would suppose. Chamois, when fresh (which it seldom is, that served at tables d'hote being preserved from the previous winter in pickle), and roe are very tolerable. But it is in her puddings that the Tyrolese cook displays her genius. M. Albert Wolff, Frenchman though he is, has rendered homage to the excellence of the Tyrol *mehispeisen*, and their variety is inexhaustible. Let not the English housewife, however, hope to "pick up a wrinkle," unless she be one who can contemplate without dismay the use of a dozen eggs and a pint of cream to a single dish. It is on the unlimited supply of the ingredients, as well as on her own skill, that the Tyrolese cook relies. In the matter of drink the strangers will fare as well as elsewhere. Just as in Switzerland, there are two kinds of wine—red and white—both very decent when not too new; but they are not, as in Switzerland, bottled and labelled according to the price which the consumer wishes to pay. Till recently, the regular measure was the *scitel*, about two-thirds of a pint; but of late years the litre and its fractions have come into general use.

A Strict Diamond Test.

It is the rule of Lord Chamberlain's office at London to send to the Queen's jewelers for valuation all the ornaments which are found in the palace after a court ball or concert. The day after a state ball a gentleman came to the office and inquired for a diamond necklace which his wife had lost the night before. The chief clerk assured him that no diamond necklace had been found; whereupon the husband proceeded to expatiate on the enormous sum which he had given for the necklace, with description of its various beauties. The clerk listened in silence which much apparent sympathy, and, just as the loser was taking his leave, quietly remarked: "It is a very old coincidence, but your nacklace was of the same pattern as a paste ornament which has been found, but which has been pronounced of so little value that it was not worth advertising." The paste ornament was produced, and it ended by the gentleman signing a receipt for it, which involved swallowing a large mouthful of humble pie after his circumstantial description of the cost of it.

"Make Soup of Them."

"What use do you make of old boots?"

"Well," said he, "in Paris they might make soup of them, but in America we sell them again. Why many a good pair of uppers are nothing in the attic or closet they might be sold for 25 or 50 cents, thus bringing money in the family and clearing the house of 'trash' that is on y in the way. We buy up these old boot legs, pack them in boxes and send them to New York and Philadelphia. No, sir; we are not thieves in disguise, and we don't go round to get a sight at front bolts that we may better know how to go about picking locks and getting into houses. That is a mistake. This a legitimate business of ours. To be sure, it is a little low down or off-color, but there is a little money in it and we might as well have it. We get through here in a few days. You see, there are many cheap John shoe stores in the world. I mean such stores were very cheap boots are sold. Well, we sell the old bootlegs and new feet are put to them and the old leg is finished up nearly as good as new. The man who buys them is generaly quite poor and it does him no harm to wear that kind of boots so long as they are clean. Then again the leather we buy is used for various things and answers the same purpose as new leather does."

"There," continued he, holding up a pair of boot legs, is a pair of French calf legs which I bought up street this morning for twenty-five cents. I'll get about seventy-five cents or one dollar for them. They are in excellent condition. Some day I can make as high as four dollars. We deal with reliable men, and get our cash early. Of course we meet with many ups and downs in our business, but as for that, who don't? At some places we are insulted, and at other points kindly received. There is money to be made now-a-days in our business, but the panic that has just closed compelled men to hang on to their old boots rather long, and this slackened our trade. I have bought at least ten thousand pairs of old boots in the past ten years.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Tompkins, sir, and I hail from New York. I do not belong to a gang of thieves, and I wish you would say so in the paper. I have seen better days, but when pinching poverty comes I must make my living the best way I can. I have found many high-priced old boots in this city, boots that could not have cost less than eighteen or twenty dollars, and they only about half worn out. Such as that are half-soled and sold for second-hand material."

"Then you don't belong to the gang called tramps?"

"No, indeed, sir. Neither am I a thief or a murderer; nothing but a stranger in your city, for a few days seeking an honest livelihood."

As the reporter thanked him and was turning to leave, the blue-eyed man spied the mistress of an adjoining house at the window, when his clear, shrill voice echoed the words from housetop to housetop, "Any old boots or shoes to sell, madam?"

Painless Death.

In one of his lectures Prof. Tyndall spoke of the great probability that entire absence of pain accompanied death by lightning. It is probably supposed that an impression made by the nerves, a blow or puncture is felt at the precise instant it is inflicted, but such is not the fact. The seat of sensation is the brain, and intelligence of the injury must be transmitted to this organ through a certain set of nerves, acting as telegraph wires, before we become conscious of pain. This transmission or telegraphing from the seat of injury to the brain takes time, longer or shorter, according to the distance of the injured part from the brain, and according to the susceptibility of the particular nervous system operated on. Helmholtz, by experiments, determined the velocity of this nervous transmission in a frog to be a little over 85 feet in a second; in the whale about 100 feet per second, and in a man at an average of 200 feet per second. If, for instance, a whale 50 feet long were wounded in the tail, it would not become conscious of the injury until half a second after the wound had been inflicted. But this is not the only ingredient in the delay. It is believed that in every act of consciousness a determined molecular arrangement of the brain takes place, so that, besides the interval of transmission, a still further time is necessary for the brain to put itself in order or its molecules to take up the motions or positions necessary for the completion of consciousness. Helmholtz considers that one-tenth of a second is required for this purpose. Therefore, in the case of a whale, one second and one-tenth would elapse before an impression made upon its caudal nerves could be responded to by a whale fifty feet long.

Genius and Want.

Homer was a beggar.
Spencer died in want.
Cervantes died of hunger.
Terrance, the dramatist, was a slave.
Dryden lived in poverty and distress.
Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold.
Butler lived a life of penury and died poor.
Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.
Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill.
Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with all.
Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings.
Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs.
Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger.
Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen.
Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected.
The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement.
Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for the debt of forty dollars.
Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot.
Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-five dollars, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

Show me the man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that person one who loves nothing but himself.

The Christmas Ghost.

"Look alive there!" growls the coachman as the passengers enter the coach. "All-aboard!" shouts the guard. A few cries of "Farewell," a merry melody on the horn, a crack of the whip, and the "Comet" is off, laden with school-boys, prim maiden ladies, stiff old gentleman, and jolly commercial travelers, the greater part of whom are going home for the holidays.

The air is keen, the skies are blue, the road frozen hand, and a most prosperous journey is anticipated. At nightfall they enter a tiny village, and there being no change of horses, the coach jogs serenely over the rough stones of the High street, when crack! a wheel rolls off and the passengers have a spill. Although many female screams are heard, no one is seriously hurt. Chiefly disconcerting, however, is the idea of passing Christmas eve here, when cheery firesides and anxious friends are waiting on ahead. But the coach will not be in traveling order until the next morning, so there is no help for it, and they all adjourn to the Red Lion, a neat little inn, which is quite fluttered at the advent of so many guests.

After a hearty supper they all gather around the enormous fireplace, where the flame roars up the chimney as though celebrating Christmas with all its heart. Each contributes to a bowl of punch, and the fumes of the liquor, combined with the good nature of the season, having dispelled their British reserve, they propose one another's health until the punch is exhausted.

"Fill it up again, and I'll tell you a story," cries a very stout, rosy man, in a bag wig. nothing could be better. The bowl is full to the brim, and the stout gentleman coughs, looks solemn, winks at the bar-maid, and begins:

"My father, on retiring from business, bought a country-seat in Sussex called The Oaks. Miles of beautiful woodland surrounded the gloomy house, which was so large it could accommodate a hundred guests with ease. There had been rumors of ghostly tenants, but we paid no attention to them and took possession at once. The only mysterious thing about the place was a door which could not be opened. Every means but fire had been employed, and father finally gave it up. The first Christmas we gave a ball. All the country was there, and a gorgeous supper was prepared. But in the midst of a reel, the candles burned blue and a beautiful female glided silently through the room. I followed and saw her enter the mystic door. When I returned the party had just recovered from the awful hush prevailing when the ghost had passed. I told my tale, and we rushed up-stairs to the room. We entered easily, and found nothing save a few old letters on the floor. We picked them up and learned the sorrowful history of the beautiful girl. She was the daughter of an Earl, and had loved a handsome cavalier, against whose family her father bore a deep hatred. She persisted in her affection, and even vowed that sooner or later, in life or in death, she and her lover would be united. One Christmas eve, as father and daughter stood in the ball-room, the old dispute was renewed. She besought the proud Earl in piteous accents to consent to her wedding the man she loved and save her from a lingering death. He only replied by a bitter, contemptuous smile. Finally she crossed the room, and, turning, waved a haughty farewell to her cruel sire. But what a spectacle met her eyes! A gloomy procession of black-robed monks, bearing torches, entered the apartment. They filed in slowly, and last came a bier on which lay cold and stark her lover. With a wild shriek of despair, she flung herself on her knees by his side and buried her face in his hands. 'Daughter,' said a monk standing near, 'be comforted.' She answered not. Her heart had broken. She was dead."

There was a silence in the little public room, broken only by the crackle of the burning logs.

"Poor dear!" said the landlady, wiping her eyes on her apron.

The stout gentleman laughed a hearty laugh that shook the glasses in the bar.

"Bless you, my dear madam, you needn't be wasting your highly-valuable sympathies on this story of mine, for I don't mind telling you that my father no more owned or dreamed of owing an estate in Sussex or any other county than the head of one of your shining andirons. But I'll have to sing you a song to pay for my fraud, so here goes."

And thus the evening passed pleasantly on until bed-time, when the meeting broke up with three cheers for the stout gentleman, including his bag wig.

A Boy's Fortune.

Hal, a boy of twelve, after a season of discontent, concluded that he was not going to stay at home, and work "for nothing." So he told his little sister that some dark night, when the wind blew a gale, the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, he was going to "light out," to seek his fortune, and was not coming back either until he brought oceans of money; then he would be considered of some account, and not told to do this, that and the other for nothing. The little girl became so nervous and unhappy, whenever a storm was brewing, the mother noticed it, and questioned her for the cause, and so found out the true story. There was a family consultation, and Hal was told by his father that, if he was not satisfied with his home, he need not wait for an inclement night, but could go in broad daylight, right out of the front door, with his clothes in a new valise instead of tying them up in a bundle, some money in his pocket, accompanied by the best wishes of his friends, and, if not successful in his endeavors to earn "oceans of wealth," could return and be warmly welcomed home. Hal hung his head, but said he had better be earning something. Father said, "Yes, it's manly to wish to work." nd that he knew of a man in the neighborhood who was then hunting some one to do a man's work for boy's wages. When told who the man was Hal looked disconcerted, but said he supposed he need not be too particular, as it was wages and not the man he was after. "All right, I'll try it," was the decision: so Hal was off with the birds next morning—and this was his experience:

When Hal arrived at Mr. Van Nest's, he was received with these words: "So you are on hand; your father spoke to me about you yesterday, and engaged a day's work for you. It's a bargain, is it!"

Hal said; "Yes, sir," but was too much abashed to say a word about the wages.

"Had your breakfast?"

And when Hal shook his head, said, "That's bad, but come in, I s'pose you'll have to eat something."

So Hal went into the small untidy kitchen, sat down at a table against the wall to a breakfast very different, and served up very differently, from the morning meal at home. Hal's appetite, which the brisk morning walk had sharpened, had suddenly abated with Mr. Van Nest's salutation, and wholly departed at his wife's cold look at the "new boy." The first order was to hitch the horse to the plough, then an old tin bucket was handed Hal and they started for the field. Mr. Van Nest said, "Stick to your business to-day, boy; look sharp, for I want you to pick up angle worms, as I turn the furrow, and fill that gallon bucket, if you're smart and know what's good for yourself.

"Are you going fishing?" Hal asked with sudden interest."

"Never you mind where I'm going—only follow me and stick to business."

Hal did not mind stooping over so many times in a minute, at first, though the birds sang their love songs in the trees around him, and the breezes whispered in his ear, as they fanned his cheek, to "Come, come o'er the hills and away, fishing." He resisted the impulse to fly, and did stick to business most assiduously. After a while he ventured to ask again:

"What are you going to do with all these worms, sell them to the students?"

And he was told again: "Never you mind what I'm going to do with them; you just stick to your business."

When noon came, and they went to dinner, poor Hal had became so disgusted with his work, that eating was a farce. Before starting for the field again, he made a protest, but was, "See here, boy, you and I made a bargain for a day's work, you do what I tell you. or I'll make you."

Hal was subdued, and marched off, and went to work. He was dizzy, faint, tired, hungry, sick, but he dragged himself after that everlasting plough. And so the long afternoon wore away, for all things have an ending, and so did this wretched day. They went to the barn, unhitched, and the man took up the bucket, shook his head, said "not half enough," and putting a penny in Hal's extended hand, said "Now, clicket for home, youngster, before dark."

Hal threw the money at the man's head, and started on a run. How he got over the ground, he said he never knew, but he burst in upon his astonished family looking delapidated enough and very considerably demoralized. He sobbingly told the story of his wrongs, and as he sat in the large rocking-chair, looking into the glowing embers of a Spring fire, which burned low upon the hearth, he soliloquized thus:

"I don't believe, as long as I live, I shall ever care a cent for angle worms again, and you'll never catch me complaining again, I can tell you"

Mistakes.

It is a mistake to suppose that a man never employed as conductor of a horse car unless he can bring the certificate of a respectable physician testifying to his total deafness. It only seems so to you because you happen not to attract his attention when particularly desirous to take his car.

It is a mistake to think that your actions or desires have any influence on the Dispenser of weather. You should be thankful they do not. If they did, Old Prob would go mad and your fellow countrymen go madder.

It is a mistake to think your interlocutor is listening to what you say. He is thinking either of what he has said or is going to say, just as you were and will be.

It is a mistake, young man, when you think the girls are just dying after you. It is only you who are thoroughly in love with yourself.

It is a mistake for a preacher to say, "Just one word more, and I am done." He but lengthens his discourse by so much, without deceiving any one of his hearers for an instant.

It is a mistake to suppose that everybody is thinking about you. You do so much of that kind of work yourself that you exhaust the subject.

It is a mistake to expect a direct answer from a politician. His life is giving to dodging questions before election and giving evasive answers after election.

It is a mistake to suppose that a professing Christian's perfect. He is very much like yourself.

It is a mistake to suppose that your children will be satisfied with your experience. You didn't accept your father's, but preferred taking a term in the same dear school.

It is a mistake to suppose that men do not mean what they say. There is but one man of whom you can positively make that affirmation.

It is a mistake to suppose that the dismally pious man has had a change of heart. The change is in his liver, if anywhere.

It is a mistake to suppose that people go to a concert to hear the music. They simply go to exchange receipts for doughnuts and drop-cakes.

It is a mistake to suppose that your friend is consumedly interested in your eloquent description of your liver troubles. On the contrary, he is excessively anxious to tell you of his catarrh.

It is a mistake to wish the butcher would remove the bones before weighing your meat. How would you like to be weighed that way yourself.

It is a mistake to suppose that physicians know how to treat your constitutional disorders as well as yourself. You know well well enought what is best for you, but you dislike to undergo the proper regimen. You employ a doctor, paying him for shouldering the responsibility of your sickness, and handicap his efforts with all your unhealthful habits and practices.

The Old Red Cent.

As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and except rarely, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficent interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financer of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make it appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other. The French revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent instead of the head of Washington the head of the Goddess of Liberty,—a French Liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse side was displaced by the olive wreath of peace; but the French Liberty was short lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head of figure that succeeded this—the staid classic dame with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grician featured have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The Christian life is not knowing or hearing but doing.

The truest end of a life is to know the life that never ends.

A judicious silence is better than truth spoken without charity.

Religion is the best armor a man can have but the worst cloak.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

An ingenious mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof.

A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy.

Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not the Lord will.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

They who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on everything.

Without contentment there is no wealth, and with it there is no poverty.

He has mastered all things who has combined the useful with the agreeable.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

He who thinks he has nothing to fear from temptation is most exposed to a fall.

Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place and company.

There are three things which nobody can do without—money, buttons, and the baker.

Be constant in what is good, but beware of being obstinate in anything that is evil.

All that tread the globe are but a mere handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.

Sin produces fear, fear leads to bondage, and bondage makes all our duties irksome.

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.

In virtue and in health we love to be instructed as well as physicked with pleasure.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too small to be broken.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.

Let a man overcome angor by love, evil by good, and greedy by liberality the liar by truth.

Books are men of higher nature, and the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.

The Greeks had their triolgies, the Romans their triumvirs, and we have our three-cent pieces.

The best teacher of duties that still lie dim to us is the practice of those we see and have at hand.

Happiness can be built on virtue alone, and must of neeessity have truth for its foundation.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

Many a man has been dined out of his religion, and his politics, and his manhood, almost.

Happy the man who can court on having every day of his life a mealy potato, some loose silver, and a good laugh.

What I admire in Columbus is not his having discovered a world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion.

Whenever we have to establish new relations with any one, let us make an ample provision or pardon, of indulgence and of kindness.

No man while unhappy can show forth a true noble manhood. Everything short of cheer is medicinal, and medicine was not made for daily use.

Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The greater cause of the frequent quarrels between relatives is their being so much together.

No one is so greatly to be feared as the man who is willing to tell you all he knows, because the chances are that he will tell you a great deal more.

If a traveler does not meet with one who is his better or his equal, let him firmly keep his solitary journey; for there is no companionship with fools.

The habit of resolving without acting is worse than not resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually sunders the natural condition between thought and deed.

Every man should reap from his occupation as much pleasure as he can, and men in congenial occupations have little need to seek beyond them for amusement.

A man sensitive to everything that is beautiful in nature can have more enjoyment in looking up into the sky than witnessing the best of plays on the mimic stage.

It is a great thing to see a young man who has the glittering prizes of this world in his reach, bring all his splendid gifts and lay them as a sacrifice on the altar of the Lord.

If you were as willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world.

There is no magnanimity in conscienee; it is prone to take us at disadvantage. It always wields its whip of scorpions when the soul is scoured by outward circumstance.

We are all able to take care of ourselves in love affairs when we are young, and when we get old we are all convinced of the inability of other folks in youth, to look out for themselves.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the combustible walls of her sanctuary.

The history of the world teaches us no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this; that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1880.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1 25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square....	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column...	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column...	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
1 column...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. C. F. Deininger, Preacher-in-charge.—Last quarterly meeting of the circuit begins at Millheim on Saturday. Presiding Elder Carothers is expected to be present.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge.—

Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

The charge is at present without a pastor.

United Brethren.

Rev. John Londis, Preacher-in-charge.—

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—B. O. Deininger, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 935, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. R. A. BUMILLER, Sec. R. B. HARTMAN, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., C. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Centre County Democratic Committee for 1880.

DIST. ICTS.	NAMES.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N. W.,	Wm. Galbraith,	Bellefonte
" S. W.,	W C Heinle,	"
" W W.,	Wm Harper,	"
Milesburg,	Frank E Bible,	Milesburg
Unionville,	P J McDonnell,	Unionville
Howard,	A J Gardner,	Howard
Philipsburg,	C G Herlinger,	Philipsb'g
Millheim,	J H Reifsnyder,	Millheim
Benner,	Uriah Stover,	Bellefonte
Boggs,	Jas A McClain,	Milesburg
Burnside,	Wm Hepple,	Pine Glenn
College,	Sam'l Gilliland,	Boalsburg
Curtin,	David Delong,	Howard
Ferguson, O. P.,	Dan Dricbelbis,	State Col
" N. P.,	O M Sheets,	Stormstown
Gregg,	L M Rishel,	Spring M's
Haines,	George Keister,	Aaronsb'g
Halfmoon,	John Ward,	Stormstown
Harris,	Sam'l Ishler,	Boalsburg
Howard,	David Tanyer,	Howard
Huston,	H G Chronister,	Martha
Liberty,	W H Gardner,	Blanchard
Marion,	John Hoy, Jr.,	Walker
Miles,	Sam'l K Faust,	Millheim
Patton,	G W Rumberger,	Fillmore
Penn,	W F Smith,	Millheim
Potter, N. P.,	D F Luse,	Centre Hall
" S. P.,	G W Spangler,	Tusseyv'e
Rush,	William Cullen,	Philipsb'g
Snow Shoe,	John G Uzzle,	Snow Shoe
Spring,	E C Wood,	Bellefonte
Taylor,	Samuel Hoover,	Fowler
Union,	J S Fredericks,	Fleming
Walker,	Samuel Decker,	Zion
Worth,	G R Williams,	Pt Matilda

J. L. SPANGLER, Chairman.

FRANK E. BIBLE, Secretary.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 31, 1880.

General Hatch brings two or three Indians out of the Ute country, and, better still, his own scalp. He waited twenty five days or so, at the request of Secretary Schurz to see if a dozen Indian murderers would not come in and give themselves up, like good little children in the nursery books, but, strange to say, they did not report. When Secretary Schurtz heard of this unreasonable conduct on the part of the Indians he was, an organ says, "much depressed." He had lost faith in that class of beings for the first time. The best men in our politics have long been objects of distrust and dislike with Secretary Schurz, to be sure, but he put unlimited trust in the proved murderers in a savage tribe. By and bye, no matter what party shall rule the country, such men as Secretary Schurz will be dropped from our politics by mutual consent.

Peace prevails in Maine and will prevail. The authorities will preserve it, even if disorderly persons attempt to destroy it. To the prevention or suppression of violence numberless Republicans are pledged, and they will act as faithfully under a Democratic as under a Republican Governor. Political troubles will be settled in the Senate and House, and at the ballot box, and questions of law will be decided by the courts as has always been the case. A few indiscreet Republicans did, however, push the State almost to the very verge of revolution. They will receive such reward hereafter as they deserve at the hands of the people.

There have been more boisterous celebrations of New Years day than that in this city on Thursday last, but none possibly that were more enjoyable. Almost everybody's house was open. Mr. Tilden,—I mean Mr. Hayes,—received at the White House, the cabinet officers' families, and even Attorney General Devens, who has no family, received. The foreign ministers' residences were open to the general crowd. The palaces at the west end, and the cottages east of the Capital had the latch string out. Last year and the year before there was a noticeable absence of liquors among the refreshments. This year the contrary was the fact, but little was seen of the bad effects of over indulgence. In short, it was a model New Years day in the model city of the Great Republic.

General Grant's party send word that they enjoyed their trip south very much. They were everywhere received with all the hospitality that the limited time would permit. In the General's absence his Presidential interests are being carefully and efficiently worked up by Senator Cameron. It must be great relief to Grant to know that some one responsible person, and that person at the head of the Republican organization, is performing that duty. The indiscriminate support he has had for the last year or two has not been to his advantage.

CARROLL.

How to pay Political Debts.

The Lancaster *Intelligencer* says: As we understand the suit of a Republican printing firm in Philadelphia, against Matthew S. Quay, Secretary of this Commonwealth, and an aspirant for United States Senator, he gave a check to the printers for $2,067.35, which he owed them for debts contracted as Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and signed the check, "M. S. Quay, Chairman." He had no money in the bank on which the check was drawn, it was protested and he is sued for it. His defense is that he contracted the debt as "Chairman," gave the check as "Chairman," and hence is not liable. As the Committee has no corporate existence, of course Quay is not liable, nobody is, and the printer must be cheated out of his money. We believe Mr. Quay generally pays his party's debts this way, as Prof. Wm. Howard Day is fond of exhibiting a check for $50 which Mr. Quay, "Chairman," sent him with a letter saying "I expect it to be protested." For United States Senator of the second State in the Union—M. S. Quay, "Chairman."

A Violent Grant Programme.

But can he be elected? The conspirators do not expect him to be elected. They would, in fact, be rather disappointed if he should be fairly and peacefully chosen. They want him to come in under circumstances that will give some color of necessity to their scheme of "strong government," which they intend shall issue in practical imperialism. A disturbance or a serious snarl in 1881 would serve as another excuse for a military election in 1884, or, better still, for Grant to hold over without that expensive formality. They know that Grant is unpopular; that he could not carry Massachusetts; that his candidacy would make even Pennsylvania doubtful on a vote of the people, and that it would carry Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin over in a solid column to the Democrats. They comprehend fully the extent of the Liberal and German opposition as well as that of the anti third term, anti-ring and anti-machine Republicans. But they are not staggered by it for they do not expect to need their support. They will wait until the last moment and then in all those states where they have both the Governor and the Legislature they will call the Legislatures together, and, in the language of the Constitution, "appoint electors" to suit themselves.—*Sun.*

THE independent Republican press is squarely opposed to Grantism and third-term ism, and the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, one of the ablest of them delivers itself thus in speaking on the subject:

"It is the truth of history that the government was never so debauched by political corruption as during the time he was president: it is part of the truth of history that the country was never, except in time of war, in so disturbed a condition; it is part of the same historical truth that political scandals were never before or since so rife, and part of the same historical truth that the faults and crimes of our government were never before or since so conspicuous. It was an era of political injustice, of political plunders, of political corruption, of gift-taking, bribe taking, nepotism, of usurpation, of constitutional methods set aside and personal methods set up in their place. The men who made that administration the shame of the country that it was are the men who came in on Grant's train on the 16th instant—the Babcocks, the Belknaps, the Robesons, the Camerons. They came as the vultures come when the scent of prey is in the air. They come to shape the new administration as they had shaped the old. Is it any wonder that the great soldier, whom the people honored for his soldierly deeds, and who wanted to forget forever his civil record, was received so coldly by them when they recognized his ambition to again fill the place he had so ill filled, and when they saw about him the same rapacious crowd of political adventurers? If the great ovation was intended to test the popular feeling, it was a great success; it did that, and despite all the efforts of the authors to the contrary, *it has shown that the leaders of the republican party could do no more suicidal thing than to insist upon the nomination of General Grant for the third term. The voice of the people has been heard upon that question, and its voice is potential.*"

PERSONAL DICTATION.

It is a sorry comment on the intelligence and independance of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, that it consents to remain in voluntary political vassalage to a man of no more general merit or ability than Don Cameron, for such is the palpable, almost acknowledged fact. Mr. Cameron does not even possess the elements of statesmanship. He is a skillful, designing politician, is bold, ambitious, unscrupulous; but as a Senator of the second state of the Union, he is but little honor, either to the great state he pretends to represent, or to the party whom he compels to foist him on the Senate. He owns the Republican party in Pennsylvania so absolutely that he dictates the course it must pursue, without consulting any one or even allowing the poor courtesy of a little debate to those few of his party who imagine they still have a little say so in the course of events, or a tinge of an opinion of their own.

Just at this time Don Cameron is engaged in gathering up the big party into his breeches' pocket, preparatory to delivering the same over to Grantism, *alias* Imperialism. There is not a particle of doubt that Blaine has a larger following in Pennsylvania as a candidate for President than Grant, but he will hardly have a single delegate in the state convention, which is to meet at Harrisburg on the 25th of February. Don has decreed that the Pennsylvania delegation must go solid for Grant, and so it will. It is for this that the convention is fixed at so early a day. The *ukase* has gone forth and what's the use in delay or deliberation? Many of the best Republican papers protest against this arbitrary course, and so they did against Don's election, but what's the use? If they know what is good for their health, they will soon dry up and vote as Don commands them. They ought, even to thank him for the privilege.

Rev. Dr. James Calder, President of State College, will read an essay at the Pennsylvania fruit growers society meeting, at Bethlehem, Pa., on the 21. and 22d of this month, on the "Uses and Abuses of Pruning;" A. E. Longsdorf, of Mechanicsburg, will read a paper on "Fruit Culture in the Cumberland Valley," and Prof. S. B. Hieges, of York, a paper on "Science in the Garden."

A Dauphin County Preacher Mulcted in $225.00 Damages for Slandering a Farmer.

Luther C. Shammo, a farmer residing in Lower Paxton township, near Linglestown, brought suit for slander against Rev. Simon Mower, a preacher of the United Brethren church, for the purpose of recovering damages. The jury returned a verdict of $225 damages and costs against Mr. Mower. The suit arose from the circumstance that in the month of October, 1876, a report was circulated that Mr. Shammo had set fire to his barn to secure the insurance money. This report he followed up, and finally traced it to Rev. Simon Mower, the defendant, and forthwith instituted suit against him in an action for damages, with the above result.

Counting Out in New York.

There were more votes thrown away in New York by republican county canvassers, on mere technical grounds, it is said, than would have elected Clarkson N. Potter, democratic candidate for lieutenant governor. All tickets having the names Clarkson M. Potter and C. N. Potter, being many more than would have changed the result, were thrown out. With the republicans of that state this fulfilling of the law was all right and proper. But when the fusionists or anti republicans do the same thing in Maine, there is a great howl of dispair and fraud goes up in all parts of the country. It makes quite a difference whose ox is gored.—*Westmoreland Democrat.*

The state treasurer should be careful not to mislay any state bonds, for another investigating committee would bankrupt the treasury.—*Bradford Reporter* (rep)

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 28th day of January, A. D., 1880, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The first account of Adam Decker and Samuel Stem, executors of &c. of Adam Decker late of Walker township, deceased.
2. The account of Peter Schaltz, guardian of George, Lizzie and Samuel T. Coble, minor children of John Coble, deceased.
3. The partial account of Emanuel Shuey, administrator of &c., of Joseph Shuey, late of College township, deceased.
4. The second and final account of Martin Brungart, administrator of &c. of David Gingerich, late of Walker township, deceased.
5. First and final account of D. Z. Kline, trustee appointed to make sale of real estate of Sarah Ammermad, late of Spring township, deceased.
6. First and partial account of Samuel Evert and George Bower, executors of &c. of Jacob Evert, late of Penn township, deceased.
7. Third partial account of A. E. Barlow and W. V. Beckwith, executors of &c. of Clement Beckwith, late of Worth township, deceased.
8. The account of I. S. Fritz, guardian of John A. Loder, minor child of Margaret J. Loder, late of Marion township, deceased.
9. The final account of J. D. Shugart, guardian of Bella J. Hoover, minor child of John T. Hoover, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased.
10. The final account of Adam Vonada, surviving executor of &c. of Henry Vonada, late of Haines township, deceased.
11. The account of Adam Krumrine, administrator of &c. of Frederick Krumrine, late of Ferguson township, deceased.
12. The account of Augustus Huey, administrator of &c. of John Huey, late of Penn township, deceased.
13. The account of P. W. Barnhart and Jacob R. Leathers, trustees to sell real estate of John Hughs, late of Howard township, deceased.
14. The first and final account of J. K. Leathers, administrator of &c. of James Pheasant, late of Howard township, deceased.
15. The guardianship account of S. F. Foster, guardian of William K. Foster, of Princeton, New Jersey.

WM. E. BURCHFIELD, Register.

1-11.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Jacob Bamel, late of Penn township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, to present them duly authenticated for settlement. J. H. REIFSNYDER,
2-6t Administrator.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.—The subscriber, assignee of John W. Scholl of Miles township, Centre county, Pa., will offer at public sale on the premises, on Friday, the 20th day of January, 1880, at one o'clock, P. M., the following described valuable real estate of the said John W. Scholl, viz:

A certain farm, situate in Miles township, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: On the south by lands of Joseph K. Moyer and Daniel P. Rishel; west by lands of D. P. Rishel and H. W. Kreamer and John Kreamer; north by —— Houtz and others; east by Emanuel Harter and W. K. Forster, containing 166 acres, more or less. Thereon is erected a two-story frame dwelling house, large bank barn, and all other necessary outbuildings. A thrifty orchard is on the farm. A never-failing stream of water near the buildings. The farm is situate within 5 miles of the rail road and only three miles north of Millheim, along the turnpike leading from Millheim to Nittany Valley. Will be offered in one or two parts, to suit purchasers.

Terms: One-third of purchase money to be paid cash on day of sale, or by note with approved security, payable April 1st, 1880, and the balance in two equal annual payments.

Also—all the right, title and interest of the said John W. Scholl in that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Miles township aforesaid, bounded north by lands of Joel Morris and John Kreamer, east by Mrs. George Schwint, south by Gratz's heirs, and west by Mrs. George Weight, containing 80 acres more or less. Thereon erected a two-story log frame house, barn and other outbuildings. Will be sold at the residence of John W. Scholl, one mile east of Wolfe's store, Monday the 19th day of January, 1880 at 12½ o'clock, sharp. Also, at the same time and place, all the personal property of the said John W. Scholl

1-3t W. H. CORMAN, Assignee.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, by order of the Orphan's Court, on the premises in the Borough of Millheim, on Saturday, the 17th day of January, 1880:

The undivided one half part of lots Nos. 23 & 25, in said borough, the property of the late Samuel Sivels, deceased. Thereon erected a large, two-story dwelling house, pottery, stable and other outbuildings. The house is suitable for two families to reside in.

TERMS: One half of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue within one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Ten per cent. of the first payment shall be made on the day of sale, to be refunded if the sale is not confirmed. Sale to commence at one o'clock P. M. J. H. REIFSNYDER,
1-3t Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jonathan Philips, late of the Borough of Millheim, Centre county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. The notes and accounts are left in the hands of L. O. Deininger for settlement and collection.

JOHN P. RUNKLE, Centre Hill
1-6t B. O. DEININGER, Millheim.
Executors.

PATENTS

and how to obtain them. Pamphlet free, upon receipt of Stamp for postage. Address—

GILMORE, SMITH & CO.
Solicitors of Patents,
Near Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Grand Auction Sale

—OF—

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SHOW CASES,

CLOCKS, & FANCY GOODS.

I will dispose of my entire stock of the above articles at AUCTION sale beginning

MONDAY AFTERNOON JAN. 5, 1880.

at 2:30 o'clock and continue every afternoon, and evening at 7:30 until the entire stock is disposed of.

You are invited to attend these sales and procure these goods at

Your Own Prices.

Everything guaranteed as represented or money refunded.
Everything must be sold.

FRANK P. BLAIR,
No. 2 Brockerhoff House,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

MARTIN FREE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Window Shades,

OFFICE AND STORE

956 North Second Street,

FACTORY,

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PHILADELPHIA.

First Class Work and Low Prices.

Country Trade Respectfully Solicited.

PENSIONS!

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All pensions date back to day of discharge. Pensions increased. Address with stamp,
STODDART & CO.,
42-4 No. 913 F St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

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THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivaled in Appearance,
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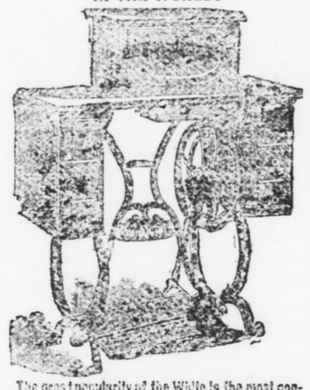
Unsurpassed in Construction,
Unprecedented in Popularity,
And Undisputed in the Broad Claim
OF BEING THE
VERY BEST OPERATING
QUICKEST SELLING,
HANDSOMEST, AND
Most Perfect Sewing Machine
IN THE WORLD.



The great popularity of the White is the most convincing tribute to its excellence and superiority over other machines, and in submitting it to the trade we put it upon its merits, and in no instance has it ever yet failed to satisfy any recommendation in its favor.

The demand for the White has increased to such an extent that we are now compelled to turn out

A Complete Sewing Machine every three minutes in the day to supply the demand!

Every machine is warranted for 3 years, and sold for cash at liberal discounts, or upon easy payments, to suit the convenience of customers.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No 353 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the EXTRA Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "VIBRATOR" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

VICTORIOUS!

HIGHEST & BEST AWARD

And Grand Medal of Honor.

Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work,

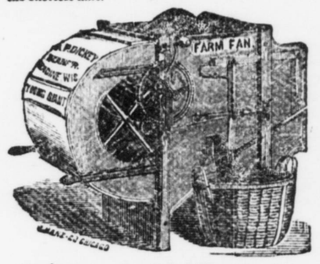
Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated

Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,

MADE BY

A. P. DICKEY,
Racine, Wis.

Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand; cleaning all kinds of Grain, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by once handling. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They Chaff perfectly, and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.



Warehouse, as well as Farm Mills, are largely constructed, both kinds requiring nine sizes to accommodate the demand, and giving a capacity of from 50 to 500 bushels per hour, according to size of mill.

They are shipped, boxed for ocean transportation, and "set up" or "knocked down" for forwarding inland, as requested; and is all cases put free on board Cars or Steamer. Orders filled same day as received.

Mills shipped "knocked down" go for half the freight charged as when forwarded "set up." Olegraphs and Circulars supplied on application. Prices will be quoted *low* and on liberal terms. Correspondence solicited.

Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the

Taylor & Farley CABINET ORGAN,

BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN.

NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL.

NOTHING SHODDY, AND PRICES LOW.

MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

HIGHEST HONORS

AT THE

Centennial World's Fair, 1876!

THE

SHONINGER ORGANS

PRONOUNCED UNANIMOUSLY AS THE

BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognized by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S exhibit as the best Instruments at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, containing many desirable improvements, will stand longer in dry or damp climate, less liable to get out of order, all the boards being made three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to either shrink, swell or split." THE ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.

We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed, post-paid, on application to

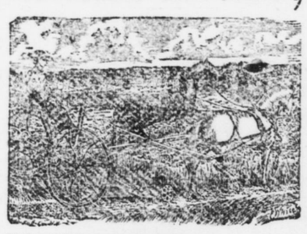
B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,

97 to 123 CHESTNUT STREET,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT

EUREKA MOWER,



THE LIGHTEST DRAFT MOWER.
THE CHEAPEST MOWER.
THE LARGEST MOWER.

THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Eureka is superior to any side-cut machine I ever used or ever saw in use. HARRIS LEWIS,
President of New York Dairymen's Asso.

The curing of the grass cut with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the side-cut machines.
GEORGE W. HOFFMAN,
President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.

The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no side-cut mower that can compare with it in any respect.
V. E. PIOLLET,
State Grange Lecturer, Wyoz, P.

The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open to the sun and wind ready for drying, puts the Eureka far ahead of any machine I ever used. B. LAPORTE, Asylum, Pa.

Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

Immense. Immense. Immense.

$25,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS

ON EXHIBITION NOW AT THE

BEE HIVE STORE.

Have Just Opened the Third Stock for Fall and Winter of 1879.

Never has there been shown in any store in Lock Haven such a Stock of Dry Goods as can now be seen at the Bee Hive, and at prices that will astonish everybody.

The Dress Goods Department,

Which we make Our Great Speciality, is Truly Immense.

One lot 46 inch wide French Dress Goods, sold all through the season at $2.25, now sold at $1.40.
One lot 46 inch Real Camel Hair Cloth sold at $2 now $1 per yard—all colors.
One lot double with Cloth Suiting sold at $1 now sold at 60 cents.
500 yards all wool Cashmere, full double width, in all the new shades, sold at 60 cents now offered at 45 cents.
500 yards all wool Twilled Dress Goods sold at 50 cents now offered at 33 cents—a great bargain.
One lot French Double Weight Cashmere, sold at $1 now offered at 85 cts.—all colors.
1500 yards Black Cashmeres, all wool, from 40 cents per yard, up—cheaper than any store in Central Pennsylvania will or can sell them.
2000 yards fine Twilled Cashmeres, in all shades and colors, all wool filling, sold at 12½ cents, former price 25 cents.
1500 yards Brocade Dress, beautiful colors, 10 cents a yard, sold at 12½ and 15 cents.
An immense stock of Scotch Plaids and Fancy Stripes at 10 and 12½ cents, way below their value, with the largest stock of

Black and Colored Silks, Black and Colored Silk Velvets,

Fancy Trimming Silks and Velvets in this see ion of the state.
The largest stock of Ladies, Misses and Children's Coatings and Sackings, Black Beavers, Diagonal and Striped Coatings to be found in Lock Haven, at great bargains.

An Immense Stock of Ladie's Ready-Made Coats,

Bought at a great bargain and will be sold much below their value. Everybody should see the great bargains in these goods.
Our stock of Flannels, Blankets, Ladie's Skirts, Shawls, Men and Boys' Cassimers, Shirting, Red and White Flannel, Table Linens, Tickings, Ginghams, Toweling, Canton Flannels, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Wide Sheetings and Pillow Case Muslins are simply the largest ever shown in this city, at very low prices.
In Stockings, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Nubias, Hoods, Corsets, Rushings, Ties Buckskin Gloves, and Mittens, and everything in the No ion line, comprising the largest and cheapest stock in Central Pennsylvania. We make this season a great speciality in Silk Fringes, in colors and black. Have an immense stock in Ladies, Misses, Children's, Men's and Boys' Undershirts and Drawers, we can undersell everybody. Just received a new lot of CARPETS, in 3-ply, 4-ply and Ingrain, Mattings, Oil cloths, for floor and table, Cotton Batts, Carpet Chain, &c., &c. Also another lot of 5,000 yards good fast color DARK CALICO, the best in this city AT FOUR CENTS, 4 cts, 4 cts., 4 cts. a yard.
The Bee Hive is the leading Dry Goods Store of Lock Haven. It keeps the greatest variety of goods to select from. It keeps only first-class goods, is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store on account of the great quantity, but which enables us to buy much cheaper than small stores, and enables us to sell them at a profit and be fully as cheap as the goods cost them. Let everybody call early and be convinced that we only advertise facts, and that large stores like the Bee Hive can offer decided advantages over every competitor. The Great Bee Hive Dry Goods Store, 65 Main Street, Lock Haven, Pa,

J. J. EVERETT, PROP'R.

All Orders by Mail will receive Prompt and Immediate Attention.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

NESBIT BROS.,

Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.

BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.

We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of

HOUSE BUILDING.

Also, to the manufacture of SCHOOL OFFICE and CHURCH FURNITURE, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES.

FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.
N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-1y

!! A New Announcement !!

HARRIS' STANDARD STORE,

235 MARKET STREET,

Lewisburg, Pa.

As usual, always the CHEAPEST and FIRST in the field with ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A Complete Stock of LADIES' and MISSES'

HATS AND BONNETS.

Feathers, Velvets, Silks, Satins and Ribbons in all Shades.

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.

CORSETS AND HOSIERY A SPECIALITY.

GLOVES, RUCHES, COLLARS AND CUFFS,

Ladies' and Childrens' Underwear.

All Styles of Dress Buttons, Towels, Table Covers. Germantown Wool, Saxony Wool, Zephyrs, Jewelry and Perfumery, Woolen Shawls, Sacks, and Hoods, Ladies' and Misses' Furs, &c., &c.

A large Stock of Ladies' Ready-made Coats from $2.50 up.

OUR FIVE CENT COUNTER

Replenished and New Attractions Constantly Added. Picture and Motto Frames, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

☞A comparison of our Prices will convince any one that we sell about FIFTY PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1880.

B. O. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. BUMILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Local Department.

—Job work of all kinds done at the JOURNAL Office at prices as cheap as the cheapest.

A fine ladies kid glove was found and left at the Journal Office. The owner will please call for it.

—A splendid private residence with the good will of a medical practice for sale. For particulars apply at this office. tf.

—The papers say that the days are getting longer but that is not true. The cloudy, gloomy weather takes off a piece at each end, and this makes them *shorter*.

—Mr. Israel Confer broke ground the other day for a new house on Penn street. This makes two new houses to be built next summer. Hope the number may yet be increased. Go in, ye that are houseless.

—That dreadful scourge, diptheria, seems to be gaining a lodgement in the "lower valley" neighborhood, that is below Aaronsburg. Two little girls, daughters of John Zeigler and Emanuel Musser, died of it in the beginning of the week.

—We had a very friendly letter from Rev. C. H. Reiter, the other day. Mr. R. and family now reside at James Creek, Huntindon county, where he serves congregations, and we conclude from the general tenor of the letter that they are getting along right well.

—In a private letter from Prof. Jos. H. Feehrer he informs us that he is engaged in teaching singing schools in and around Selinsgrove and that he meets with much success in this line. Glad to hear it. Prof. F. has many warm friends here. Hope he will take it into his head to show himself around here again before long.

—The five cent counter was again fully replenished the other day. Come along now, just as fast as you can walk trot or run, for your dippers, gravy ladles, sad iron stands, coffee pot stands, tops, *drillers*, cake dishes, and numberless other articles of use and beauty. Come.

—Miss Josephine Kauffman's German school opened on Tuesday evening with some 15 to 18 pupils. Miss K. is a lady of superior accomplishments and we are glad that so many of our young folks are disposed to improve this excellent opportunity to learn German. Hope the school may be entirely successfull.

—The FIVE CENT COUNTER will be kept up and replenished from time to time, notwithstanding the holidays are over. Many of the articles sold are so popular and so cheap that the community would very much miss its five cent counter, if the machine were stopped. We mean to keep it a-going, friends "*and don't you forget it.*"

—The Evangelical S. S. Festival on New Year's evening, passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, excepting that the conduct of the audience in the rear of the church was not quite what it should have been. We had barely time to go down before the exercises commenced, to see the decorations, and these were fine indeed. Over 200 presents were distributed—a larger number than were ever before given out on any similar occasion.

—Mr. B. F. Klepper, of Booneville, was around and about here, *more or less*, for several days last passed. Well guess he has a right to be. Ben is about as good looking as any man in these diggings—clever—a good Lutheran—said to be an *odd* fellow—gave poor little us a solid silver dollar; but on the *main question*, namely what his real business was, we can give no reliable information. Hadn't the brazen-faced impudence to ask him.

—Our Methodist friends, not wishing to be behind the other Sunday Schools in liberality toward the children, on last Thursday afternoon presented each member of the school with a package of confectionery and other nice little things. The Sunday School room was tastefully decorated and everything passed off pleasantly. 118 persons answered when their names were called.

—On New Year's eve our band was out to keep up a custom as beautiful as it is old—of ushering in the new year with music. The band never played better than it did on that calm, silent New Year's night. The beautiful music awakened responsive chords of gratitude to God for his infinite love in years past, and no doubt drew forth not a few prayers for continued guidance and protection.

—Our old friend, Joseph Lose of Adamsville, Mich., writes us that they had splendid sleighing out there over Christmas, and that everything is lively and prosperous. Come in, once again, Joseph, to see how we poor fellows are getting along.

—Mr. William Cannon, of Tyrone, was around here the other day to visit old friends and shake hands with new. He is a *cannon* of a little more than just pop-gun calibre, and one shot between the eyes by him would lay us out as flat as a pan-cake. Wouldn't be worth a snap to write locals after that. Howsumdever, Villyum, call again. We will do our level best to keep you from getting mad while here.

—The weather is sort of variegated this while past. Just seems like a mixture of the four seasons thrown together into a pot and well stirred while boiling.

—Billmyer, Dill & Co., a Lewisburg firm, have a contract to build 32 boats. That looks like business.

In the Ninth collection district o this state, composed of the counties of Lancaster, York, Cumberland and Perry, there were sold from the 1st of July to the 31st of December, both days included, 76,299,550 cigars, yielding a revenue tax of $457,797.30 on cigars alone.

WHAT IT COSTS TO SWEAR IN YORK.—N. B. Hetrick, a farmer of North Codorus township, York county, visited York last week and something occurring to ruffle his temper, he relieved himself by getting rid of several oaths. A police officer happening in the vicinity arrested him and took him before a justice. Several oaths he used cost him 67 cents each, and for using one phrase three times he was charged 40 cents each; total charge, $13.95.

—Mr. James Aiken, for many years a citizen of Lewisburg, died at the residence of Mr. Jesse M. Cornelius, in Lewisburg, on the night of the 31st ult. Mr. Aiken was well known as a teacher, poet, elocutionist, and literary character generally. He was well known and much beloved by the people of Aaronsburg and vicinity, where he taught school some 30 years ago.

"May he rest in peace."

—Don't know, ain't sure, not at all certain whether we could make a hand rail, newel post and balustrade suitable for a stairwayor not; but we do know to a dead certainty that we couldn't make them as neat and substantial if we tried for five years, as those which Mr. Jonathan Harter got from the Nesbit Bros., East Lewisburg. How we wish the "*Brothers*" would serve just such a trick on us as they did on Yoney. But you see we are only a poor printer and Yoney is—yes he is—well, we don't care to make him blush.

—TIME IS MONEY.—Just so; and in order to have exact time you must have a good time piece, whether watch or clock. Therefore you had better make your arrangements to attend Frank. P. Blair's great auction sale of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware and Fancy Goods, at Bellefonte, beginning next Monday, and to continue every day and evening until the entire stock is sold.

Here's a chance as you never had one before.

—Some valuable property is advertised in this week's JOURNAL at public sale. W. H. Corman, Asignee, will offer the entire real and personal property of John W. Scholl, of Miles township, at public sale, on Monday and Tuesday, January 19th and 20th.

J. H. Reifsnyder, Administrator, will offer at public sale, Saturday, January the 17th, the undivided one half of the property occupied by John F. Chambers—being the estate of the late Samuel Sivels, deceased.

A KIND REQUEST. *It is now again the season of the year when people who have system in their business, pay their small debts, among which is their newspaper subscription. Now please don't forget us. Our expenses are heavy and constant, our subscription price very low and it is absolutely necessary that we should be paid regularly. It is the time of the year, too, when men have many extraordinary expenses, preparatory for Winter. So please don't forget us when you come to town. Just see how you can please us by the payment of a few dollars.*

AARONSBURG CRUMBS.

Communion services in the Lutheran church Sabbath morning and evening. The sermons on Saturday and Sunday evenings were preached by Rev. W. E. Fisher, of Centre Hall; and they were excellent indeed.

There is nothing so plenty with us just now as mud. Indoors and out it prevails everywhere. Oh for a little enterprise, just enough to furnish us with the most ordinary walks that would keep us out of the mud.

Town seems deserted again. The holiday excitement (?) is over, the visitors nearly all gone and things are assuming their accustomed appearance.

Mr. W. T. Cannon, of Tyrone, made one of his pop visits, and left, as usual, much too soon. May his shadow never grow less.

Dr. E. J. Deshler has returned from Baltimore, where he had gone to see his son, who is attending Medical College.

Every pupil in the infant department of the Lutheran S. S., received a neatly bound Testament as a Christmas present from the school.

Mrs. John G. Kurtz, of Milton, her two daughters and a friend spent some days in town.

Many of our people spent New Years evening in Millheim, attending a festival. Complained that the crowd prevented their enjoyment.

Some rumor that a very pleasant little widow is going to leave us. Don't like to spare her. X. Y.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Mud—mud—mud.

Dreary days and dark nights.

Protracted meeting still in progress.

The Musical Convention in prospect promises to be good.

Mr. Jacob Frederick had the misfortune to freeze his feet.

Capt. J. McCool lost a very valuable horse the other day.

Mr. Ed. Twitmyer is again back to school. Right, Edward.

By appearance the "Bee Hive" of Penns Valley is at I. J. Grenoble's since the "Cash or its equivalent" system has been introduced. Just what is needed now throughout the valley.

YONEY.

The Riot Claims against Allegheny County to be Reduced.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 28.—The indications are that Allegheny county will be able to effect a very satisfactory compromise on the railroad riot losses. A consultation was had yesterday morning between representatives of the Pennsylvania railroad company, the county authorities, and a number of prominent citizens. The meeting was a private one, but it is understood that the railroad company scaled down their claims very considerably, representatives of private claimants intimated that they had similar propositions to offer. It is probable that a public meeting will be held at an early day, when the propositions will be fully discussed and recommended for adoption. It is thought that the entire claims can be reduced one-third or probably one-half.

The King of Spain Shot at.

An Attempt to Shoot Him While Driving with the Queen.

MADRID, Dec. 30.—As the King and Queen of Spain were driving through the gate of the Royal Palace this evening a young man, dressed as a workman, fired a shot from a pistol at the royal carriage, but his aim was bad and nobody was hurt. The ball has since been found, and weighs one ounce. It passed close to the head of one of the royal footmen. King Alfonso was driving at the time. The would be assassin was immediately arrested, and he has confessed his crime. His name is Gonzales and his age nineteen years. He is a waiter by occupation and a native of Galicia.

The *Diario Espanol* say: "Two shots were fired at the royal carriage, the second passing quite close to the Queen's face. The weapon used was a double barreled pistol. The diplomatic body have gone to palace to congratulate their Majesties upon their escape."

The attempt excites general indignation in Madrid. It is believed that Gonzales had accomplices, and three persons have been arrested on suspicion. Gonzales has been living in Madrid for some time.

King Alfonso attended the opera at night.

News Miscellaney.

KILLED BY A METEOR.—As David Meisenthaler, the well-known stockman of Whitestone township, was driving his cows to the barn about daylight one morning recently, he was struck by an aerolite and instantly killed. It appears as though the meteor had come from a direction a little west of south and fell obliquely at an angle of about sixty degrees, for it first passed through a tall maple tree, cutting the limbs as clean as if it had been a cannon ball, and then struck him apparently on or under the shoulder, passing him obliquely from below the right shoulder to above the left hip and buried itself about two feet in the soft black ground. The poor man's legs and head were uninjured, but the greater part of his body seems to have been crushed into the earth beneath the terrific aerolite, which is about the size of a common patent bucket and apparently of a round shape. It appears to be formed of what is called iron pyrites.

We do not remember of ever before this learning of any one having been killed by a meteor; but when at court three weeks ago, while in conversation with Richard Sanders of Perry township, he told us that some years ago when he lived in Chapman township, not far from the river, he started one morning before day on some business down by the river; and when descending a hill in the road towards a stream of water an object of some kind instantly and with great velocity passed close by his head and apparently lodged in the stream of water. All he could see of it was the momentary flash of light it emitted in its flight; but he felt a strange sensation as it passed. No doubt it was an aerolite, and if it had hit him that would have been the last of Mr. Sanders.—*Bucyrus (O.) Journal.*

A DRUNKEN MAN FATALLY STABS HIS WIFE AND THEN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.—Easton, Pa., Dec. 1. John Burns, while intoxicated, last night, at south Easton, stabbed his wife while she was lying asleep in bed. She is not expected to recover. Burns afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide. He has been arrested.

Blair county must be a good hunting country. On Thursday last Solomon Boone shot a panther measuring eleven feet ten inches and a half from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, and on Friday Wm. Wright shot a fine black bear weighing a trifle over 200 pounds.

There is a boy living at Bendersville, Adams county, 12 years of age, who eats regularly five times a day and is said to weigh 170 pounds.

MURDERED BY HER SCHOOLMATES.—Two girls, each about fifteen years of age, daughters of wealthy parents, were expelled from a country school near Centreville, Ind., two weeks ago, for badly treating a schoolmate of the same age, named Kates. While the latter was going home from school, they assaulted her, one of them knocking her down with a base ball club, the other jumping upon her and breaking her ribs. The unfortunate girl died soon after reaching home, but her mother, in consideration, it is said, of a bribe of $3,000 from the parents of the murderers, kept the matter secret. The crime has been divulged by children who witnessed the assault.

Luther's wedding ring is on exhibition at the jeweller's, Herr Rothe, at Dusseldorf. The ring, which bears the inscription, "Dr. Martino Luthero Catherina von Bora, 13. June, 1525," is a work of considerable art. On it is represented the Passion of our Lord, the cross and the body of Jesus forming the middle, surrounded by all the chief tools of the carpenter's craft, a small ruby recalling the holy blood.

JANUARY JURY LIST.—The jurors drawn for the term of court commencing January 26th, are as follows:

GRAND JURORS.

William Spotts, Union	J S Sommerville, S Shoe
Alex. Miller, Spring	Jos Armstrong, Potter
Jos G Carson, Potter	Chas B Shaffer, Harris
E M Fisher, Union	Scott Williams, Huston
T B Potter, Philipsburg	Robt Bierly, Boggs
Wm White, Burnside	Hen W Stover, Haines
R Holter, Howard boro	Jas S Krape, Ferguson
W B Noll, Spring	Conrad Lesh, Walker
D C Gentzell, Penn	J Musser, Sr., Spring
R D Beirly, Miles	Jacob Keene, Penn
R S Iddings, Union	A Watson, Philipsburg
W H Kreamer, Miles	S F Kline, Howard boro

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

J F Krebs, Ferguson	J C Rankin, Snow Shoe
Dav M Henry, Potter	Jack Fetzer, Boggs
Sam M Winter, Miles	Ed Tyson, Bellefonte
G Copenhaver, Taylor	B R Else, Milesburg
John T Lee, Potter	Cameron Boak, S. Shoe
Harrison Kline, Spring	William Musser, Potter
Cons'ee Curtin, Boggs	H A Mingle, Haines
John Garbrick, Spring	A J Thompson, Halfm'n
Hen Eckenroth, Spring	Em'l Peters, Ferguson
Jas Ardry, Sr., Worth	Dan B Malone, Boggs
John Hoffer, Bellefonte	Ad Krumrine, Potter
Samuel Harter, Gregg	Austin Swieher, Huston
Thom C Houtz, College	Patrick Holton, Rush
Thom Becindol, S. Shoe	D H Roop, Worth
Jon Spangler, Miles	Rob Edmiston, Patton
B Thompson, Huston	Wm Cole, Half-moon
Wm B Gingry, Worth	W S Galbraith Bellef'te
James Strohm, Potter	Davis Evans, Potter
R J Hayes, Snow Shoe	Hezekiah Hoy, Benner
S R Pringle, Taylor	B Viedefler, Burnside
John P Dehass, Curtin	Wm Wiser, Millheim
Sam Brugger, Unionv'e	F W Crider, Bellefonte
H Sinker, Philipsburg	E A Ryman, Philipsb'g
Isr'l Kauffman, Spring	J Eckenroth, Spring

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Wm Allison, Potter	John Delaney, Boggs
William Ishler, Potter	C C Evans, [not to be found in county]
Sam Gilliland, College	John Hoy, Spring
T Bollinger, Ferguson	John Ludwig, College
John H Musser, Haines	Thom Bennett, Worth
Wm H Gohean, Potter	Geo Keister, Haines
Samuel Hoover, Taylor	Fred Meyer, Gregg
J B Curtin, Boggs	Wm Bing, Spring
Jacob Muse, Potter	Elijah Burd, Haines
Hugh Adams, Huston	Mich Corman, Liberty
L A Shaffer, Walker	Fred Limbert, Haines
F Montgomery, Bellef'te	J C Henderson, Huston
J New, Hall, Howard tp	Benj Buck, Halfmoon
Thom S Lingle, Liberty	C R Yearick, Marion
Chas Reese, Snow Shoe	C T Garbrick, Bellef'te
Wm Baird, Milesburg	Jos F Mitchell, College
J K Hosterman, Miles	Wm Beck, Bellefonte
Henry Eters, College	H H Benner, Bellefonte

TRAVERSE JURORS—THIRD WEEK.

J R Bollen, Milesburg	H G Bower, Haines
John A Haines, Gregg	Blair Alexander, Union
G W Weaver, S. Shoe	B Ramberger, Halfm'n
John From, Spring	C H Kephart, Patton
John S Hoy, Marion	S Grissman, Philipsb'g
J H Griffin, Halfmoon	William From, Potter
Jos Bechdol, Liberty	Johnson Cullen, Rush
Jos Eckley, Snow Shoe	Thom Harrison, Spring
A E Gobbie, Gregg	H L Barnhart, Boggs
T R Reynolds, Bellef'te	John L Fink, Taylor
Sam Showers, Walker	Sam Yearick, Haines
R Lucas, Howard boro	William S Smith, Penn
D B Delong, Curtin	Albert Hoy, Ferguson
John Taylor, Gregg	Fred Jamison, Gregg
John Hamilton, Gregg	G W Ramberger, Patton
John Miller, Walker	Peter Brown, Potter
Ed Holt, Snow Shoe	W D Osman, Potter
J C Mason, Rush	Geo Emerick, Rush

DIED.

On the 30th ult., in Haines township, Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder, widow of George Snyder, deceased, aged 74 years, 2 months and 6 days.

On the 7th inst., in Millheim, Thomas E., infant son of James C. and Sarah Smith, aged 1 year and 1 month.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No. 1	1.40
Wheat No. 2	1.30
Corn	45
Rye	60
Oats White	30
Oats, Black	30
Buckwheat	70
Flour	7.00
Bran & Shorts, per 100	18.00
Salt, per Bbl	2.25
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	5.25
Butter	22
Hams	12
Sides	6
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	22
Potatoes	25
Lard	6
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.60
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	4.75
Pea "	3.80

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

Deininger & Musser

PROPRIETORS.

This old and popular establishment is prepared to do all work in their line in a style equal to any in Central Pennsylvania, at prices that defy competition.

COUCHES,

MONUMENTS,

HEADSTONES,

of all sizes, styles and prices made on short notice.

The proprietors hope, by

Strict Attention

TO BUSINESS

FAIR DEALING

&

GOOD WORK

to merit the continued confidence of their friends and patrons, and of the public at large.

Shops east of Bridge,

Millheim, Pa.

J. H. BAULAND'S

"BEE HIVE" STORE,

Allegheny St., BELLEFONTE, Penna.

HEADQUARTES FOR DRY GOODS

AT THE BEE HIVE ONE PRICE EXCLUSIVELY DRY GOODS STORE.

I am offering the LARGEST, BEST and CHEAPEST STOCK of Dry Goods in Centre County.

MY MOTTO IS: "LOW PRICE," "THE VERY LOWEST" AND NO MISREPRESENTATION

PRICE LIST FOR THIS WEEK:

Dress Goods from	5 cents up
Cashmeres all colors, yard wide	25 cents per yard
Black Cashmeres, all wool, 40 inches wide	50 cents " "
Silks, all colors	50 cents " "
Canton flannel	6 cents " "
Crash for towels,	5 cents " "
Table linen, all linen	21 cents " "
Carpet from	15 cents "
Children's hose, extra bargains	5 cents " pair
Felt skirts	39 cents each
Children's knit hoods	25 cents each

ALL MY GOOD ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN LADIES COATS.

Coats for	$1.37½
Coats for	1.47
Coats, fair quality	1.99
Coats, good quality	2.49
Coats, extra good quality	2.99

AND A FULL LINE OF BETTER GRADES. Hoping to receive an early call, I remain Respectfully yours,

J. H. BAULAND

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET,

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

A. Walter, Cashr. David Krape, Pres.

ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bellefonte Penn

OFFICE IN GARMAN'S NEW BUILDING.

JOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE ON ALLEGHANY STREET.

Bush House,

Bellefonte Pa.

J. H. MEYERS,

Proprietor.

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES, PERMANENT BOARDERS AND PERSONS ATTENDING COURT.

BOTH LANGUAGES SPOKEN AT OUR HOTEL.

DAV. I. BROWN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

TINWARE, STOVEPIPE AND TRIMMING, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.

Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-FIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.

SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.

Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Shop next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.

FALL AND WINTER OPENING!!

MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER

has just received her Fall and Winter Stock of MILLINERY GOODS consisting of

French Bonnets, Round Hats, French Flowers, Feathers, Ribbon and all kinds of FANCY GOODS.

DRESS MAKING

In all its Branches

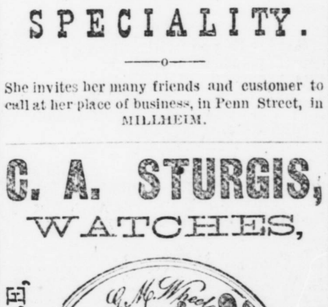
SPECIALITY.

She invites her many friends and customer to call at her place of business, in Penn Street, in MILLHEIM.

C. A. STURGIS,

WATCHES,

SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,



CLOCKS

AND

Musical Instruments.

Repairing done on short notice.

Engraving a speciality,

at the Millheim Jewelry Store, one door east of Eisenhuth's Drug Store, Main Street, MILLHEIM, PENNA.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & alt

MILLHEIM, PA.

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 32-1y

ELIAS LOSE,

Doors, Shutters, Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best possible manner.

CARPENTER and Builder.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuance of the same.

MILLHEIM, PA.

C. W. STURGIS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET,

LEWISBURG, PA.

First Class Goods, Good, Honest Work and Moderate Prices—is the Combination to be found at Mr. Sturgis' Establishment. Patronage from Centre Co. respectfully solicited. None but the best workmen employed.

TO THE READERS of the JOURNAL.

I would like to call your attention to my very large stck of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

which I am selling CHEAPER than any other house in Clinton or Centre counties. The

ELMIRA KIP BOOT

double Soles and Tap. only

$2.50.

This is the best bargain I ever offered. They are selling everywhere for $3.00.

Don't forget the place

No. 115, Main Street,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Very Respectfully Yours,

Jacob Kamp.

DR. D H. MINGLE,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Main Street, Millheim, Pa

A. HARTER,

AUCTIONEER,

Rebersburg, Pa.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FOX'S PATENT

Breech-Loading Shot Gun

Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to

AMERICAN ARMS CO.

103 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AVERY BEATS THE WORLD
WONDERFUL INVENTION
LIGHT RUNNING
ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS
LIGHTEST RUNNING SEWING MACHINE EVER MADE
AVOIDING CRABS, DOGS, CAMS AND LEVERS, AND SUBSTITUTING THEREFOR AN ENTIRELY NEW MECHANICAL PRINCIPLE IN MOVEMENT, A RADICAL IMPROVEMENT. SEEN AT A GLANCE. ONLY DESIRED BY ALL. AUTOMATIC, DIRECT & PERFECT ACTION IN EVERY PART. NO FRICTION. NO NOISE. NO WEAR. NO TANTRUMS. NOR GETTING OUT OF ORDER. ALWAYS READY TO SEW THE FINEST OR HEAVIEST GOODS, GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION. NO LONG TALK OR ARGUMENT REQUIRED. EVERY MACHINE SELLING ITS OWN STORY. SECURES IMMEDIATE SALES. HENCE THE BEE'S MACHINE. FOR AGENTS TO SELL—SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.
AGENTS WANTED
AVERY MFG. CO.
812 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, Nov. 9th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
"	Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
"	Williamsport	8 35 a. m.
"	Jersey Shore	9 07 a. m.
"	Lock Haven	9 40 a. m.
"	Renovo	11 00 a. m.
"	arr. at Erie	7 55 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	8 00 a. m.
"	Harrisburg	11 25 a. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	2 25 p. m.
"	Lock Haven	3 50 p. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 a. m.
"	Harrisburg	3 35 p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 25 p. m.
"	Lock Haven	8 40 p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a. m.
"	Jersey Shore	7 33 a. m.
"	Williamsport	8 15 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	12 05 a. m.
"	Philadelphia	3 40 p. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven	11 20 a. m.
"	Williamsport	12 10 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	4 10 p. m.
"	Philadelphia	7 20 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	8 40 p. m.
"	Lock Haven	9 50 p. m.
"	Williamsport	11 10 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	2 45 a. m.
"	Philadelphia	7.00 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 50 a. m.
"	Philadelphia	7 40 a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	5. P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 29	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 49	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2. A. M.	4. A. M.	6. P. M.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

Finding "Girl" in the Bible.

An English town missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging house in his district, which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by a friend, who feared that his life would be endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in, and see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough looking man whom he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with the people and talk about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called the town missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house, and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like: if you do not answer right, we will tear your clothes off your back and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that? for I am a man of my word.

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said:

"I will try."

"Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word girl in any part of the Bible? if so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word girl is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the prophet Joel, iii, 3. The words are, 'And sold the girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man; "I'm dead beat: I durst to have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word girl, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And, now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been over-ruled to the conversion of the man, his wife and two of the lodgers.

The Golden Glove.

There was a young, rich and beautiful lady who was about to be married to a lord. A day or two before the wedding, the lord brought his friend, a gallant and handsome young farmer, to see the lady of his choice. The lady fell in love at first sight with the farmer, and ere they parted, the farmer was as deep in love with her.

When the morning of the wedding had come, the lady, love-sick for the young farmer, instead of betaking herself to the kirk to be married, took to her bed, and the wedding was put off. Nevertheless, in the afternoon, she disguised her face, and dressing herself in manly apparel, went, with cross-bow on her shoulder, and with her dogs at her heels, to hunt on the grounds of the farmer, which were part of her own estate.

She crossed and recrossed the hills, whistled and halloed to her dogs, without meeting the farmer. As she was beginning to fear that he was absent, and was about to withdraw, she met him coming up the road.

She professed to be surprised to see him, as she understood he was to be at the wedding to give away the bride to the lord.

"Ah!" said the young farmer, with a sigh, "I would that she were as poor as myself, that I might ask her to give herself to me."

"Are you, then, in love with the promised bride of the young lord, your friend? How would you answer to him, should the lady favor your hopes?" said she.

"With sword and axe I would give him a meeting, and let the best man win."

At parting, the young lady drew from her pocket a glove embroidered with gold, and said to the farmer, "Here is a glove I picked up on the way thither; as I am a stranger here, I will leave it with you in order that you may find the owner."

Next day she sent out the crier to say that she would take the man who found it for her husband, if the man were willing."

The young farmer heard the proclamation, and half wild with joy, and half doubting his good fortune, took his way to the house of the lady. He presented the glove, and modestly reminded her of the reward promised to the finder, and although that reward was far above his hopes, it was what his heart most ardently desired.

Before he left her, she confirmed the promise of the crier, and agreed to take him for her husband. The report was soon spread abroad, and coming to the lord's ears, he demanded that the farmer should resign his claim to the lady, or else meet him in single combat.

The farmer answered that he would never resign the lady while there was breath in his body, but that he would meet the young lord when and where he pleased, and with whatever weapons he liked to choose.

Swords and bucklers being chosen, on the day appointed for the fight the lord and the farmer, accompanied by their seconds, or shield-bearers, and their friends, met to settle their difference. With the assistance of their shields, the combatants warded off each others blows for some time, but at last the farmer clove his adversary's shield in twain, and following up his advantage, brought the young lord to his knees by a blow on his helmet.

Then putting his sword to his throat, he made the young lord resign all claim to the lady, and beg his own life.

Soon the handsome young farmer and the rich and beautiful lady were married, and after a time she told him of her device of the glove, and that the game that she hunted that day with her dogs and her cross-bow, was the young farmer himself. Both agreed that for the hunter and the hunted, that hunting was the happiest that had ever had been undertaken in Thule.

FARM AND GARDEN.

When to Apply Manure.—The common practice among farmers is to make a general clearing of the yards and barn cellars once a year, either in the spring or fall. Either practice makes a heavy draft upon the teams, and it has its disadvantages. If this work is done in the spring, it is when the ground is soft, and other work exceedingly pressing. If the manure is drawn out in the fall, and dropped in heaps upon the field to be cultivated next season, there is more or less waste by leaching and by evaporation. There is a growing disposition among our intelligent farmers to apply manure directly to growing crops, or as near the time of planting and sowing as possible. It is felt that the sooner manure is put within reach of the roots of plants, the better for the crops and their owner. Manure is so much capital invested, and bears interest only as it is consumed in the soil. The barn cellar may be so managed as to manufacture and turn out fertililizers every month in the year, so that the farmer may suit his convenience in applying them to the soil. When manure is not wanted for cultivated crops, it is always safe to apply it to the grass crop, either in pastures or upon meadows after mowing. Top-dressing is growing in favor with our intelligent farmers. Grass pays better than almost any farm crop in the older States, and the spreading of compost saves the necessity of frequent plowing and seeding. By top-dressing at any convenient season of the year, fields may be kept profitably in grass for an indefinite time.

Winter Lettuce.—Lettuce is one of the few vegetables that one might have the whole year—and we think it is eaten with a better relish in the winter and early spring than at any other time. The system seems then to demand variety and change—when the cold is relaxing, the days lengthening, and the warmth increasing. Every family that has a little garden spot can enjoy the luxury with very little trouble. All that is necessary is to build a frame of coarse boards, cover it with a closely-fitting glass sash, and place it in a sunny spot—somewhat protected. In this, plant the lettuce-sets, about six inches apart, in good ground, and keep them properly watered. They will grow all winter, and in the early spring will form beautiful large heads to encourage the appetite and grace the table. The earlier in the autumn this operation is begun the better. The Brown Dutch and Hammersmith Hardy Green are the best varieties for winter use. The seeds should be sown in September, and are so hardy that if planted in a sheltered situation and protected by a loose covering of straw and evergreen boughs, they will stand the winter well. If transplanted in a cold frame, as suggested above, they will do better and produce more tender, delicate, and larger heads.

It is known that the Russian and Prussian Governments have adopted a kind of biscuit for horses containing much nutritive matter in small volume. According to *La Nature*, the biscuits are formed of the meal of oats, peas, and linseed. The various combinations have been studied with care, and a mixture has been obtained of such a description that one kilogramme of it is equal to five kilogrammes of oats. It has been found that horses bear fatigue better and are more vigorous when fed with these biscuits than when fed with oats. The biscuits can be threaded together by means of an iron wire; and in this way a horse may carry his own food for four or five days. During the late war with Turkey, Russia used twenty millions of these biscuits, and the results were so good that the authorities have continued their use in time of peace.

The flock should now be weeded out; all unprofitable fowls, poor layers, and poor mothers, should be used or marketed. Two weeks feeding in a coop will be sufficient to make them fat. A few of the best old hens may be kept over for early setting, but many in a flock are unprofitable.

Late Potatoes.—As a measure of precaution for next season, every potato beetle that can be found should be destroyed. When the leaves are eaten from the potato vines, the growth of the plant stops; if new leaves start, it is at the expense of the tubers. So, kill the beetles and increase the crop.

He has fat cattle who feeds them. And he has fat acres who ministers to them with a liberal hand.

Domesticated Ants.

A gentleman who has imprisoned a number of ants for observation gives an interesting account of their personal habits. He says he never saw one remain long in untidy state. When, after some very active work in digging, little particles of earth would adhere to their bodies, these were at once more carefully removed. The whole body, too, is most thoroughly and frequently cleaned, a duty which is habitually attended to after eating and after sleep. In this duty this ants now and then assist one another, and when a general "washing up" is in progress, it is an exceedingly interesting sight. The ant who is being cleansed evinces the most intense satisfaction during the process, and in this resembles a family dog when one is scratching the back of his neck; she rolls gently over on her back, and presents altogether a picture of ease. The pleasure which these creatures take in being thus "combed" and "sponged" is really enjoyable to the observer. Several times an ant wanting to be cleaned was seen to approach a comrade, kneel down before it, and, thrusting forward its head, drop down and lie there motionless; expressing as plainly as sign language could her desire to be attended to. In cleansing their own bodies the ants assume the most remarkble attitudes. Their hind legs are thrown backward and well extended, the middle pair standing straight out, so that the body assumes almost an erect position; the tail is then turned under the body and upward toward the head, which at the same time bent over and downward. The body forms the letter C. The fore feet now begin the operation, during which they are constantly put into the mouth, from which moisture is conveyed, thus giving a glossy appearance to the body.

There is Health Ahead

For cheerless dyspeptics who will use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will enable them to digest, restore their appetites, steady their nerves and drive away the blues. If with such a prospect there are any of them who neglect to profit by the above suggestion, why they deserve to suffer, that is all. Let them ask any one who has used the Bitters if it is not a good medicine, and if they receive a truthful reply it will be an affirmative. Biliousness, bowel troubles, debility, rheumatism, are all conquered by this highly esteemed and professionally sanctioned specific, which has also won a national reputation as a remedy for and means of averting intermittent and remittent fevers. It has a cheering effect upon the despondent invalid, and may be relied upon to produce decisive, and not palliative effects. It is the one thing needful for the cure of dyspepsia, and nothing will supply its place.

DOMESTIC.

Waste of Fuel.—Our present modes of using fuel are generally understood to be exceedingly wasteful. In making steam for manufacturing and other purposes, where a powerful draught is required, less than one-tenth of the heat generated by the burning of the coal is utilized. In cooking, the draught required is less, and so there is less waste; but there is no doubt that under ordinary circumstances four or five times as much heat goes up the chimney as is used. A great saving can be made even with ordinary appliances, if the cook will keep carefnl watch of the damper. Many times, the reason why "the oven will not bake" is that the draught is too strong. After the fire is going well, the damper may be turned so as to delay the escape of the heated gases, and thus much heat may be saved. Count Rumford declared that a dinner for 1000 persons could be cooked with ten cents worth of fuel, a statement in which people were slow in believing; but a Frenchman recently invented a cooking apparatus by which five cents worth of coke can be made to cook a meal for 1500 persons.

One Experience from Many.—"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said 'Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy.'"—The Mother.

How to Cure a Cold.—On the first day of taking a cold there is a very unpleasant sensation of chillness. The moment you observe this go to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperament as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. In addition, put your feet in water, half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hot water from time to time for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in; then dry them thoroughly and put on warm, thick stockings, even if it be summer, for summer colds are the most dangerous; and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken without any medicine whatever.

Cider.—Cider is preserved in Normandy by putting half a pint of sweet oil in the cask and plugging the bunghole with a wad of cotton. The oil, being lighter does not combine with the cider, but forms a thin covering which prevents the oxygen of the air coming in contact with it. The cotton filter the air entering as the cider is drawn off, so that no insects or impurities can pass. Cider in bottles should be covered with a few inches of earth which keeps the cider at an equable temperature and prevents bottles from bursting.

Great improvements have recently been made in Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great natural hair renewer, and now it is absolutely perfect as an exquisite and delightfully perfumed hair dressing and restorer. Everybody is delighted with it. Sold by all druggists.

Cockroach Poison.—Equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder and powdered colocynth, well mixed together, and thrown about such spots as are infested with these troublesome insects, will prove an effectual means of getting rid of the scourge. This powder, in all cases where its use has been persistent, has by long experience been found an infallible remedy.

Baby Shows are the rage everywhere, and we understand that the universal remedy used to keep the little ones quiet is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It contains no opiate. Price 25 cents.

Codfish Toast.—Pick up one pint of fish, freshen it in water, put it back on the stove, add one quart of cold water, half a cup of butter, and pepper to the taste, one tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a little water; stir into the fish. Toast half a dozen slices of bread and cover them with fish.

For Catarrhal and Throat Disorders "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are renowned and marvellously effective, giving immediate relief in all cases.

Camphor Salve for Chapped Hands, Lips, etc.—Spermaceti, two drachms; white wax, two drachms; pulverized camphor, two drachms: washed lard, half an ounce; pure olive oil, half an ounce. Melt in water bath, and stir with it, while cooling, two drachms glycerine.

The great PILE remedy, ANAKESIS, the discovery of Dr. Sellbee is entitled to be called the wonder of the age. 20 000 grateful sufferers bless the only infallible remedy for Piles ever introduced. Only those who have used Ointments, and internal remedies in vain, will understand the grateful feeling of instant relief from pain and hopeful hope of certain cure of the terrible disease, that ANAKESIS assures. It is used by Doctors of all schools. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. Samples free by P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946 New York. Sole manufacturers.

Rats.—If you will strew a little caustic potash in places frequented by rats, they will quickly disappear. Put a small quantity at their holes, and they will never come out of them the second time.

Cayenne pepper finely ground and dusted on cabbage and other vegetables will destroy the many bugs and worms that infest these plants.

Thousands will bear testimony (and do it voluntarily) that VEGETINE is the best medical compound yet placed before the public for renovating and purifying the blood, eradicating all humors, impurities or poisonous secretions from the system, invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by disease; in fact, it is, as many have called it, "The Great Health Restorer."

To Remove Dandruff,—Wash the hair thoroughly in rain water, with a good deal of borax dissolved in it.

Where there is a weakness of the Throat or Lungs, a cold needlected may be all that is required to establish a lingering and generally fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary trouble, a severe cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions. Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a cough or cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Rats Under the Leaves.—The other morning an orphan was abroad on Cass avenue, Detroit. The sun had scarcely risen when he rolled a barrel of water-lime not yet unheaded from in front of a new building down the street to a large pile of leaves, and in ten minutes the barrel was deftly and neatly hidden from sight. A Pawnee Indian out on the war path might have suspected "old hat" hidden there, but no white man ever could. When his work was done the poor orphan walked away about half a block and sat down in front of a house. The frosty air had just begun to make his teeth click together when a milkman drove up and rang his bell. After he had delivered the milk he noticed the boy and asked:

"Bub, why are you sitting here in the cold?"

"I'm waiting to see the rats come out from that pile of leaves there." replied the boy.

"Rats under the leaves! Well I'll fetch 'em out mighty quick!"

He seized the reins, gave the horse a sharp cut and headed him for the rats' nest. The wagon struck the heap, rose up, and next instant lay broadside on the pavement, while milk jumped in all directions. The driver scrambled up, caught and quieted the horse and then looked around for the orphan. No one was in sight. If he could have seen around a corner and down in an alley he would have beheld a boy crawling through a hole in the fence, but he couldn't have caught him—not by a jug-full.

Feeble Ladies.—Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?

Want to Pay Cash.—Old Squire C. was postmaster, storekeeper and autocrat of his village. He was the wealthiest man in it, but had the reputation of being the sharpest and hardest man in his dealings with the poor, yet a drunken loafer in the village once outwitted him. This loafer—an old sot, generally called "Sam—came one day to the store, trundling a wheelbarrow. The Squire was seated on the front stoop of his store, and seeing him approach, called out:

"Well, Sam, what are you after now?"

"Why, Squire C——" drawled the old rascal most obsequiously, "I want a barrel of your best flour, and want to pay cash for it, too."

"Oh!" said the Squire; "that's it, is it! Well, George,"—turning to his clerk—"roll out a barrel of that Genesee flour, and help Sam to put it on the wheelbarrow." This was soon done, and Sam very quietly began to wheel it away. The Squire had not received his money, and he sprang up at once and called: "Sam! Sam! you said you wanted to pay cash for that flour. Where's the money?"

"Wa'al, Squire C——" drawled Sam, "so I do want to pay cash for it, but you see, I can't"—and trundling the wheelbarrow off more and more rapidly with every word.

Squire C—— was so astounded at the loafer's impudence that he let the flour go.

There is a young man at Cadiz, Ky., of such a susceptible and sympathetic physical composition that he was forced at one time to abandon a position in a drug store for the novel reason that he could not handle any kind of medicine without being affected with all the consequences it was calculated to produce on the party for whom it was intended.

A woman, who had buried four husbands, was sadly contemplating their pictures. "Your poor dear father is in heaven, I hope," she said to her little five-year-old.

"Which one, mamma?" inquired the little innocent.

"Why, your own, own dear father."

"And are the others all burned up?"

The mother didn't answer the conundrum.

What's screamer! is a tribute often paid to a crying baby, but Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, by alleviating the pains of the little ones, soon stops the crying.

At a trial of a criminal case, the prisoner entered a plea of "Not guilty!" when one of the jurymen put on his hat and started for the door. The judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave until the case was tried. "Tried!" queried the juror, "why, he acknowledges he is not guilty!"

"I have a pain in my head this morning," said a dissipated young husband to his spouse after a night of clandestine revel. "I guess you mean shampane," said his wife. "I thought there was something in the wind-oh!"

Very oppressive here Mr. Spicer," said a friend at one of the first concerts of the season. "Yes," said the other, with a weary look at the gentleman who was piping feebly on the platform; "the male aria is dreadful."

You may remain evergreen, and never look spruce.

Figures Don't Lie.

Sparta, Union Co., Oregon,
May 30th, 1879.

Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Sirs—The package of "Butter Maker" forwarded by you to W. W. Ross, Esq., of this place, was handed over by him to me for trial, and orders to report the results to you, as I have the management of this dairy.

I have the honor to report that one gallon of sweet cream churned at a temperature of 55 deg. and treated with the Butter Maker according to directions accompanying package, produced four and one-half pounds of butter of a fine golden color, and firm, waxy texture, and of delicate flavor; time occupied in churning and gathering the butter, twenty minutes.

One gallon of sweet cream, same lot, churned without the powder, produced four pounds of butter several shades lighter in color, not so firm or waxy in texture, but no perceptible difference in flavor; time occupied in churning, at same temperature as above, forty-five minutes. The fine, even grain, rich, golden color, increased quantity from the churning and gathering the butter, are greatly in favor of using your preparation, and I have no hesitation in recommending the same to my friends and the public generally.

Your obedient servant,
Geo. W. Easterbrook.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it know to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.*

The Tomato.

The now popular tomato was found in Peru, and taken to Europe as an edible fruit in the sixteenth century. The earliest mention of it that we have been able to light upon was by John Gerarde, the famous English herbalist, who wrote a book in 1577, in which he says "several varieties of the tomato are to be found in the gardens of England, and the fruit is eaten as a sauce with pepper and vinegar." In 1583 Rembert Dodeous, the noted Dutch herbalist gave a book to the public in which he speaks of tomatoes as vegetables which may be eaten as a salad with pepper, salt and oil. A little more than half a century later (in 1655), John Parkinson, another English writer on plants, treats of tomatoes as garden curiosities, cultivated more for their beauty of appearance than for utility. He styles them "love apples," sometimes as "amorous apples," and sometimes "golden apples." In 1775, Rumph, a native of Holland, who compiled an elaborate treatise on the flora of the Dutch East Indies, informs us that two varieties of tomato are grown by the Malays of the Asiatic Archipelago, and they are both cooked and eaten by the lower classes, and that the name given to them is *tomati*. It is noteworthy that several species of *Solonacea* are called *tomati* by the Mexicans, and we thus find an Aztec word current in Southern Asia an extraordinary philological phenomenon, which would seem to point at some sort of connection, at a very remote age, between the old and new worlds. The name "love apple," that by which the tomato was known in some portions of this country fifty or sixty years ago, seems to have been started by the French, who called it *Pomme d'amour*, which is "love apple" in English. In all probability this name alone, attending its introduction into some portions of the country where it was not understood, was the cause of giving rise to the impression that it was a mere non-edible ornament. The tomato is now more extensively eaten in the United States than in any other country. In Germany and France it is scarcely employed except in the manufacture of sauces and to give a flavor to soups, and even in Italy, with a climate admirably adapted to its culture, it is far from holding the place which it does among us. In England, also, it is still regarded as a luxury rather than as an article of general consumption.

An Eagle Dashes Through a Window.

The family of William L. Sherman, of Milwaukee, experienced a sensation recently under very singular circumstances. An eagle crashed through an upper light of the bay window, and flew about the apartment wildly, just as Mrs. Sherman was leaving the room with the children. Had the family remained seated they would have suffered injury by the falling fragments of the heavy glass. The eagle fell, as if partially stunned by the concussion, and then fluttered about the room. The royal bird was secured, to remain the guest of the family whose comfortable home he had so precipitately invaded. It is presumed that he escaped from a cage either on the National Home grounds or in one of the German gardens, and that he darted through the window while confused by the strong gusts of wind prevailing at the time.

The price of soap is rapidly advancing. A year's supply of Dobbins' Electric bought now at old price will be a very judicious purchase.

Rotten wood, leaves and forest cleanings make excellent plant food when plowed into the ground.

If you are Nervous and Depressed take Hoofland's German Bitters.

Hieskell's Tetter Ointment will cure Sore Eyelids. Sore Nose, Barber's Itch on the face, or Grocer's Itch on the hands. It never fails. 50 cents per box, sent by mail for 60 cents.
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VEGETINE
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
WILL CURE
Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples or Humor on the Face, Coughs and Colds, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism,
Pains in the Side, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Pains in the Back, Faintness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness and General Debility.
This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no disease of the human system for which the Vegetine can not be used with **perfect safety**, as it does not contain any metallic compound. For eradicating the system of all impurities of the blood it has no equal. It has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease. Its wonderful effect upon the complaints named are surprising to all. Many have been cured by the Vegetine that have tried many other remedies. It can well be called
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Dr. W. Ross Writes:
Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness,
H. R. Stevens, Boston:
I have been practising medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness, and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold Vegetine for 7 years and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.
Dr. W. Ross, Druggist.
Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.
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THEY CURE
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Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
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Mother Gerhard's Cure is the greatest, safest and best. Ask Children
The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.
R. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular.
All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

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New Temperance Songs of the best quality. 30 cents. (Nearly ready.)
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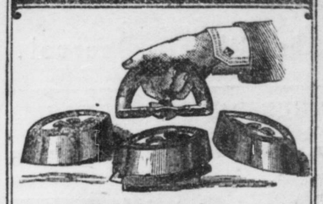
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